

Absence

HEATHER CARDIN

Stumble upon: this inchoate discovery,
mutable works of all who have gone before,

translated by “to delve” or “to implant.”
Ideas, stories of ancestors, the savannah

planet risen from ocean and ash
through redemption. It’s a continual

story, this cycle. Rise, fall, grow, colonize.
Benign or malignant, something’s going to move.

Read evolution. Understand that even this
carries an agenda, discovery to support

supremacy. Or at least, so says scholarship,
the deep investigation transcending euphemism.

No pop culture here, only mind,
a synthesis with what you loosely

pretend you know. What is spirit?
One thinks of rainbows, diverse hues

like embodiment. A billion trillion, numbers
you can count. Keep counting.

Nothing comes from nothing, nothing ever could.
Sink into the oblivious comfort of expectation

Gaze on this mystery place
as though you could know it, even love it.